

Children's Newspaper

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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HOW WE NEARLY LOST A CONTINENT

EEL THAT SAVED A SHIP

AND A CORAL THAT MAY HAVE SAVED AUSTRALIA

Thrilling Chapter in the History of the Barrier Reef

HOW WE NEARLY LOST THE BIGGEST ISLAND

By Our Natural Historian

Parents complain, not always reasonably, of the questions set their children in school examination papers. The examiners on their part frequently lament the lack of imagination revealed in the answers to their queries.

It would be an interesting study, then, to watch the faces of such examiners if, setting the question: "How might a sinking ship be saved from foundering?" they were answered: "By means of an eel!" Such a reply would appear absurd, yet it might be based on actual fact: An incident of the kind has happened at Hull.

How the Leak was Stopped

The Ellerman liner *Palmella* suffered the displacement of a rivet in her hull, and, water entering the hold, she assumed a dangerous tilt to one side.

Suddenly the inflow of water ceased; and the ship was towed into dry dock, where it was found that an eel had inquisitively entered, or been sucked into, the opening, so stopping the leak and saving the ship.

How many of us remember that one of the strangest stories of the Empire turns upon an incident as astonishing as this, that a tremendous trifle of this kind gave us Australia?

If we glance at the map of the coast of Queensland we see the names Monkhouse Point, Endeavour Opening, and Cape Tribulation, which are chapter headings in a marvellous adventure.

The Hidden Rocks

Between 1768 and 1771 Captain Cook made his first voyage round the world in southern latitudes, one of his passengers being Sir Joseph Banks. In the course of a cruise along the coast which Cook named New South Wales his little ship, the *Endeavour*, suddenly plunged from 120 feet of water on to a ridge of hidden rocks.

The rocks were the sharp summits of part of the Great Barrier Reef built up by coral polyps, and they cut through the hull of the *Endeavour*. Water rose in the ship, though 50 tons of stores were thrown overboard to lighten her. The nearest land was 24 miles away, and there were not boats enough to carry the crew. Even if they should land, the men were faced by starvation or death at the hands of cannibal natives.

For a night and a day the ship lay grinding on the rocks, every man in turn toiling at the pumps. At last she floated higher with the tide, and a boy, Jonathan Monkhouse, the mid-

shipmite, came forward with a scheme of salvation.

He fastened oakum and wool between old sails and had these slung beneath the ship, so that the pressure of the water drew the sails like a poultice over the wounded area, and enabled the vessel to be got to safety in what Cook called Endeavour Bay, just north of the scene of the disaster, which he called Cape Tribulation. A few miles south is a spot immortalising the midshipman, Monkhouse Point.

When the *Endeavour* was examined, it was found that not the sails only had saved the vessel, for there was still a huge hole uncovered. Here the ship's salvation was due to an astonishing thing. A mass of coral had pierced the ship, making a rent which would have been fatal but for the fact that the coral had broken off and plugged the deadly wound.

For nearly a fortnight the boulder remained jammed in the rent, till the *Endeavour* could be beached and

repaired. Only then was this extraordinary circumstance observed. Had it been forced out of the hole, the ship must have foundered.

As it was she sailed home in safety, and it was with her scientist, Sir Joseph Banks, that years later the idea of colonising Australia originated. At his suggestion the first colonists were sent out. At the very same time, unknown to England, a French expedition under La Pérouse was crossing the world to take possession of Australia for France.

All unconscious of rivalry the two expeditions raced, neither knowing of the other's existence, one of the strangest and most dramatic races in history. Our ships won by less than 36 hours, and the prize was a continent.

But if that piece of coral rock, evolved by coral polyps, had slipped out of the *Endeavour's* timbers Australia might be flying the French flag today, for no eel was there to do for Cook's little wooden ship what an eel has just done for the steel liner at Hull.

E. A. B.

Playmates of the Beach



This little holiday-maker has taken her dogs with her to the seaside, and is having a jolly game with them on the sands. The dogs enjoy the beach as much as their little mistress

WORLD LOSES A GREAT MUSICIAN

BUSONI AND HIS WORK

Death Calls at the End of a New Drama

GOLD MEDALLIST AT 17

The world has lost a fine musician and a brave man. Busoni is dead.

He died in harness, still composing. He knew there was little hope, but he struggled on. He was fighting heart disease and nephritis and working at the same time. Just when he had finished a new musical drama called *Dr. Faust*, on which he had been at work some time and had laid down his pen, the end came.

Fifty-eight years ago Ferruccio Benvenuto Busoni was born at Empoli, near Florence. His father was Italian, his mother Austrian. As both the parents were musicians, we can hardly be surprised that their son could play almost as soon as he could walk.

Frightening the Amateurs

He performed in public when he was eight, in Vienna, and when he was only 17 the city of Florence struck a gold medal in his honour. From the first he was a powerful, intellectual musician, with a horror of sweetness and softness. He was at his happiest when thundering out Bach, with his own interpretations of the music which might have troubled that supremely great composer, had he not long been beyond the sound of earthly harmonies.

Next to Bach, Busoni loved Liszt and Beethoven. In his mind he grasped the whole of a long composition and taught his listeners how a great work in painting, architecture, music, is conceived, each movement or point leading up to a tremendous height; not one bar, or line, that could be spared.

Busoni found time amid his occupation as one of the two greatest pianists of Europe (Paderewski being the other) to compose a good deal. His creations were like his performances, an exhibition of intellectual force. An amateur could do nothing with his compositions, except be frightened at them.

A Master of Music

Busoni's writings covered a large field—operas, pianoforte pieces, orchestral suites, symphonies, violin concertos. He arranged a variation and fugue on Chopin's C Minor Prelude, and adapted Bach's organ works for pianoforte use.

The great musician played all over the world, with the least happiness to himself in America, where the halls were too vast for his comfort. He was for some time professor at the Moscow Conservatoire of Music, but since 1893 his home was in Berlin.

London and the large English cities were very fond of Busoni, and gave him a friend's greeting, as well as the admiration due to one of the masters of the music world.

LONE SCOUT AND THE LIONS

HOW THEY COME CREEPING UP

What Life is Like Eighty Miles from a Railway

A TALK AT THE JAMBOREE CAMP

The Boy Scouts from Kenya who came to Wembley for the Great Jamboree are very proud of their 16-year-old lion-hunter, Ronald William Ryan, of Marooba Vale Farm. A C.N. representative has had a chat with him.

Kenya is a vast area in British East Africa and there are about 100 Scouts and Cubs within its wide borders. The nine Scouts over here will stay for six weeks if they can stand the climate, for, said Bill Ryan, "when the Sun shines here there's not much of it, and when it rains it only spits, and messes up camp."

"And you never know whether the Sun's come to stay or not. Now in Kenya we get real sunshine, months of it on end; and real rain, months of that. You know where you are."

An Open Air Sportsman

For a lion-killer Lone Scout Ryan does not look very formidable. He is neither tall nor particularly hefty, but sun-tanned and wiry, as befits an open-air sportsman. He lives on his father's farm 15 miles from the village of Rumuruti, and 50 miles north-west of Mount Kenya, which raises its great peak to a height of 17,000 feet. His father used to be a schoolmaster in South Africa, but came to Kenya when Bill was eleven. And Bill has been a farmer since.

Marooba Vale is a cattle and dairy farm of 5000 acres, with 300 head of livestock to look after. Bill acts as manager, and with the help of 15 native boys in the dry seasons, and 25 in the wet seasons, he attends to the dosing, inoculation, branding, and general well-being of the animals, while his father runs a cheese factory.

The Lions Run Off

Now lions are a great nuisance to him in his work. "They live in the jungle of thorn-bush and scrub which surrounds the level plain," he said. "At night, we have to put our cattle into a kraal of densely-packed thorn bushes, to keep them out of the reach of their enemies. Even so, although in Kenya you can trap, poison, or shoot lions, you are never done with their mischief."

"Once a mule of ours was killed and eaten by six of them, so I went out with a Winchester repeater, and came upon one suddenly in the bush at ten yards range. I had a shot at him, and got him right through the heart. But a shot in the heart is never fatal at once to a lion, so off he dashed, but not before five of his friends had come out to see what was wrong. They had a look at me for a second or two, and then ran off. I followed the track of the wounded beast for a mile and a half, and found him at last, lying dead. And a good riddance he was, too."

All Kinds of Animals

"We are usually too busy on the farm to go shooting lions for sport. But when we have a little time to spare, it is worth doing, because you can get from six to ten pounds each for their skins. We sell them to Abyssinians for head-dresses."

"But there is plenty of other game about in my country. We get leopard, cheetah, cervel, civet-cat, swamp-cat, lynx, rhino, hippo, elephant, wart-hog, hartebeeste, wildebeeste, oryx, claud, Thompson's gazelle, and all sorts of lively neighbours. So, although there are only three of us, we are not lonely."

Scout Ryan's farm is 80 miles from the nearest railway, and a long way from the Scout headquarters at Nairobi. That is why he is called Lone Scout Ryan. Rumuruti, the village, is 15 miles away.

SHE LIVED FOR AFRICA

KATHLEEN SIMANGO

Sad Tidings for Thousands of Backward People

A NOBLE LIFE ENDS ALL TOO SOON

Thousands of people who heard Mrs. Kamba Simango tell them on the wireless a few months ago of the games and the schools of the children of West Africa, her native land, will be sorry to hear that, following on an operation, she has passed away at Charing Cross Hospital.

She was only 32, but already she had dedicated her life to trying to share with the people of Africa the broader life and outlook which a real education had given her. Right to the end she kept the charm and cheerfulness which made you feel that the whole world was kin, the cheerfulness and pluck which made her insist on keeping her engagement to speak from 2 L O, although she had only just been knocked down and severely shaken in a bus accident. The nurse said after her death, "We loved her."

Up the Educational Ladder

And it must have been hard to be cheerful, for she waited in vain for the arrival from Portugal of her husband, who could not get a boat from Lisbon in time to see her again. There he and she had been studying Portuguese during the summer, before going out next year to a school in Portuguese East Africa, for which the American Board of Missions was providing the necessary money.

C.N. readers may remember how last year we told of the manner in which Mr. Simango, who was born in an isolated native village in East Africa, taught himself numbers from a pack of playing cards, and how from this small beginning he worked his way up the educational ladder to Columbia University, New York, where he took his Science Degree and Teacher's Diploma.

The Souls of Black Folk

There, in New York, Kathleen Easmon, as Mrs. Simango then was, met him. Her American visit was for the purpose of raising funds for a modern school for girls at Freetown, in Sierra Leone, where she was brought up, and where her father was one of the first native doctors.

Having himself studied in London, Dr. Easmon had sent his daughter to England, too, and she went to Notting Hill High School. Then she passed on to the Royal College of Art, of which she became an associate. Design was her special subject, and she used to say how she wished people would study the beautiful native work of West Africa, for she was convinced that if they did they would learn more than they could imagine of the souls of black folk.

A Fragrant Memory

While love of Africa and its peoples, for which she lived and died, was the great driving force of Kathleen Simango's life, it did not exclude love for races and peoples of other than her own dusky colour. She camped with Girl Guides and Brownies in England, and her friends came from the East and the West. A fragrant memory of her which the writer will always keep is the snapshot he took at an International Students' Conference at Swanwick last year, showing her in one of the beautiful salmon silk native robes she loved to wear, with a dignified Indian girl friend and a laughing Chinese.

Let us hope that her lonely husband will feel her spirit near him in carrying on some of the work she would have done herself, had God not taken her so soon for the work awaiting her elsewhere.

Picture in the next column

THE FRIEND'S HILL TOP

PILGRIMAGE IN MEMORY

The Quakers Remember the Vision of George Fox

A PREACHER OF LONG AGO

In celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, the Quakers have made a pilgrimage to Pendle Hill, on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the hill on which the vision came to Fox of the multitudes to whom he was to give his message.

Four hundred pilgrims, including a child of three and an old man of eighty, climbed the hill, 1800 feet high, and held a memorial service there after the manner of their Society. Mankind, one of



Mrs. Simango, on the left, with her Chinese and Indian girl friends. See previous column

their speakers truly said, is still waiting to experience the full realisation of the Quaker message.

George Fox tells of his climb up this hill, and of his vision, in that wonderful Journal of his wanderings and preachings which is one of our English classics.

He wandered all over England, sometimes on horseback and sometimes on foot, warning men to repent, denouncing hypocrisy and urging all to listen for the voice of God in their souls.

He was often in prison on charges of blasphemy. He was a big, strong man, or he could never have stood the hustlings—often the downright beatings and stonings—which his challenging methods provoked.

At Doncaster, he and his friend were "stoned down the street," and at Tickhill his face was struck with a Bible and "gushed out with blood," and in that condition he was again stoned.

And so, "as we travelled we came near a very great hill, called Pendle-Hill, and I was moved of the Lord to go up to the top of it, which I did with difficulty, it was so very steep and high. When I was come to the top I saw the sea bordering upon Lancashire."

The Spring of Water

From the top of this hill he saw "in what places the Lord had a great people to be gathered," and as he went down he found a spring of water in the side of the hill, called to this day George Fox's well. At this spring he refreshed himself, having eaten and drunk but little for several days before.

At night (he says) we came to an inn, and declared truth to the man of the house, and wrote a paper to the priests declaring the day of the Lord and that Christ was come to teach people Himself by His power and spirit in their hearts.

The man of the house spread the paper abroad; and was mightily affected with the truth. Here the Lord opened unto me and let me see a great people in white raiment by a river side.

So was written and published the first of the epistles of George Fox, ambassador of God nearly 300 years ago.

THE WATCHER IN THE ARCTIC

WHAT HE SAW THROUGH HIS TELESCOPE

The Rescue of the Explorers of Spitsbergen

"THE BLACK ICEBERG"

A man called Finn Devold, a Norwegian, was sitting at his dinner at the Quadehock observation station in the Arctic Ocean. He was used to the silence and solitude of the seas in the long days of the northern summer. On this night the wind was rough, and the seas were heavy round Quadehock.

Mr. Devold, who is in charge of the station, turned out as usual after dinner for a survey, and saw what seemed to him a peculiar, black iceberg out in the open sea. He hurried indoors and turned a strong telescope on the strange-looking object. Then he saw that his black iceberg was a drifting sea-plane, obviously in distress.

Mr. Devold could not tell whether there were any men on the wreck, but he immediately put out to sea in a motor-boat. With him was his brother, Halvard Devold, and their cook, Seaman Jacobsen.

The waves tossed the little boat about badly as she made her way to the rescue. When they were getting near, Mr. Devold saw that there were two men on the plane, trying to paddle her with what seemed like ice-axes.

The Engine Stops

The motor-boat succeeded in working alongside the plane, and the two men were transferred to the safety of the launch. They were ill with cold.

The rescued men were Captain Ellis and Mr. George Binney, who is leading the Oxford University Expedition to Spitsbergen and North East Land.

These two had set out about half-past nine in the morning, intending to fly their sea-plane to Liefde Bay, on the north shore of Spitsbergen. Suddenly the engines stopped; a piston had broken. Because of ice and wind it was impossible to make a descent close by the shore, and the two men were obliged to come down some distance out.

Then the trouble began. Paddles were hastily improvised from food boxes and ice axes, and the occupants of the plane tried to work her towards Spitsbergen. The wind and current set steadily to the north, driving the craft before them.

Smiling at Misfortune

Mr. Binney and Captain Ellis worked with their home-made paddles for two and a half hours, with waves washing continually over them. At the end of that time, which was the beginning of their adventure, they were chilled to the marrow, and climbed into their sleeping-bags for warmth.

Midday passed. All efforts on the part of the two to work the plane towards the mainland failed. Mist and heavy breakers presently confounded them. At six o'clock they were drifting into the open sea. They fired guns, but the wind mocked their efforts. Over three hours later, when they were in a pitiable condition, they were sighted by Finn Devold.

The wrecked men were very glad of the hospitality at Quadehock. Over their "eider eggs and bacon" they were able to smile at their misfortunes. But they knew better than anyone else that, had Mr. Devold not sighted his black iceberg, they might even then have been drifting in the Arctic wastes.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Epirus E-pi-russ
Hospitaliers Hos-pit-al-lerz
Paderewski Pah-de-ref-ske
Sierra Leone Se-er-rah Le-o-nee

August 16, 1924

The Children's Newspaper

3

A C.N. FAMILY A WORD OR TWO ABOUT OURSELVES

Growing Up in a North of
England Home

THE THINGS WORTH WHILE

A most pleasing feature of the C.N. is that its success has been accompanied by a delightful sense of warm friendly feeling and cheering appreciation from its readers.

No newspaper enterprise can ever have been assisted more by stimulating cordiality from readers who are real friends because they feel themselves in tune with its spirit. For once we give ourselves the pleasure of letting our readers see the kind of letter that cheers us on our way, and makes our work a constant pleasure. It is from a North Country reader.

Many and many a time have I meant to write to you, but time, or sloth, or some old enemy, has always won. But I have always meant to express for my family what the C.N. and its companions have meant to us.

Where the Hawthorn Bloomed

Imagine a North of England family living on the borders of an ever-growing industrial town. My grandfather came here from southward when this town was a village. He lived in a beautiful house where now are slums, and he prophesied to his unbelieving family just what has happened—that its hawthorn hedges and stiles and its open fields would become streets.

My parents married young, and in seven years four children were born. The salary of a struggling clerk denied them many things which to others may seem necessities, but they grew up with the best chances in the world.

One day my father brought home a magazine which baby tongues could not pronounce. To them it became the Encyclo., and eagerly was it expected by all. By and by eight bright red volumes filled a shelf of the bookcase, and were followed by several blue volumes as companions. The children were brought up on these books.

Reading in Bed

Later, the youngest child brought home the Children's Newspaper for the children and mother and daddy, and though the older children were growing up they all read it. The eldest was now at the University, and she sent home My Magazine and the new Encyclopedia.

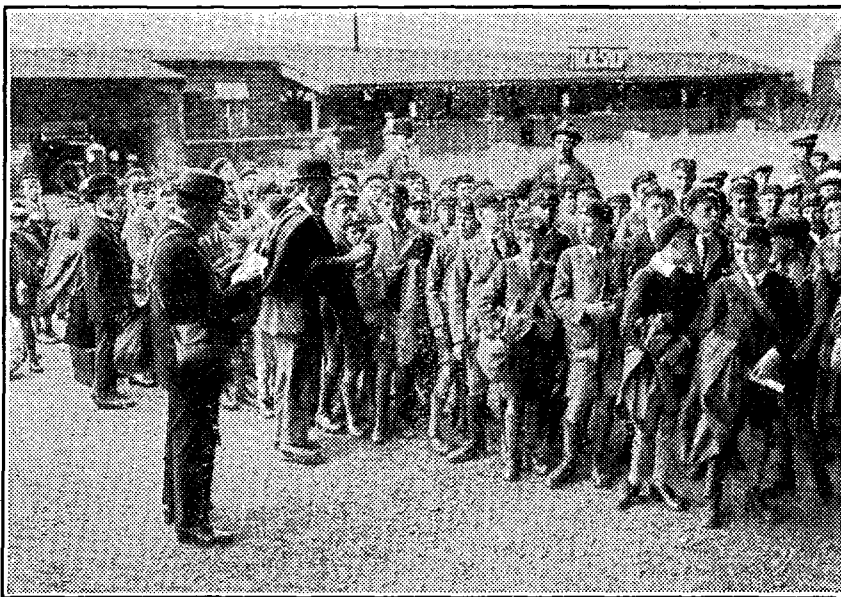
What I want to write about is the influence of these publications. To them the children owed their ideals. Much we owed to our parents' wise teaching, and to our school, but not least to that silent worker our literature, supplied mainly by the C.E. and C.N.

It has cheered and entertained us, even today, when the family may be considered as grown up. As soon as it arrives the C.N. is split into three parts, and the fourth member of the family only reads the daily paper until an opportunity to read the C.N. offers itself. Late last night I went into daddy's bedroom, as the light was on, and there he was in bed reading the C.N.

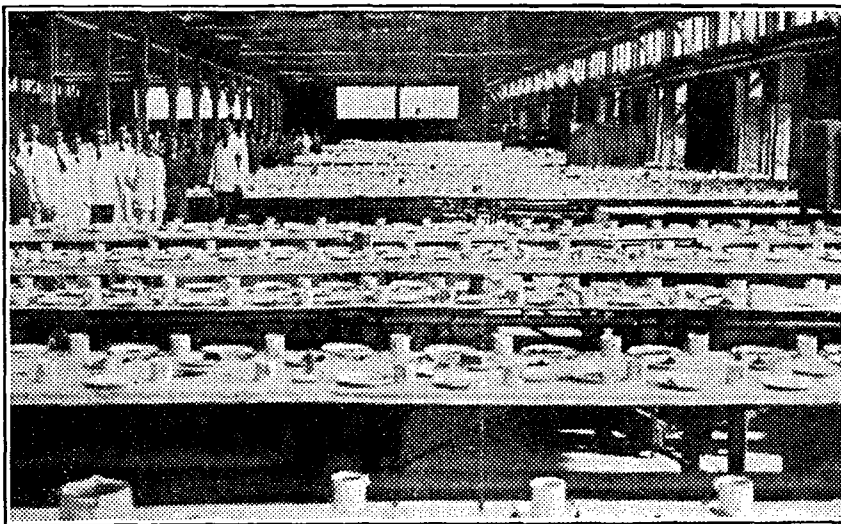
A Word of Appreciation

When I was at the University it was read and discussed, and when my copy was missing I have, more than once, run it to earth in some sick room. I want you, Mr. Editor, to realise what the C.N. means to those who cannot see everything for themselves. I know that my outlook on life, and my appreciation of the things that are best worth while, have owed much to your publications. Unknown to you, I am your apprentice. I do claim one gift—appreciation; and it is because I have ached to tell you what your work has meant to us that I wish the best of luck to the C.N., and its companions, and yourself.

THE CHILDREN'S HOTEL AT WEMBLEY



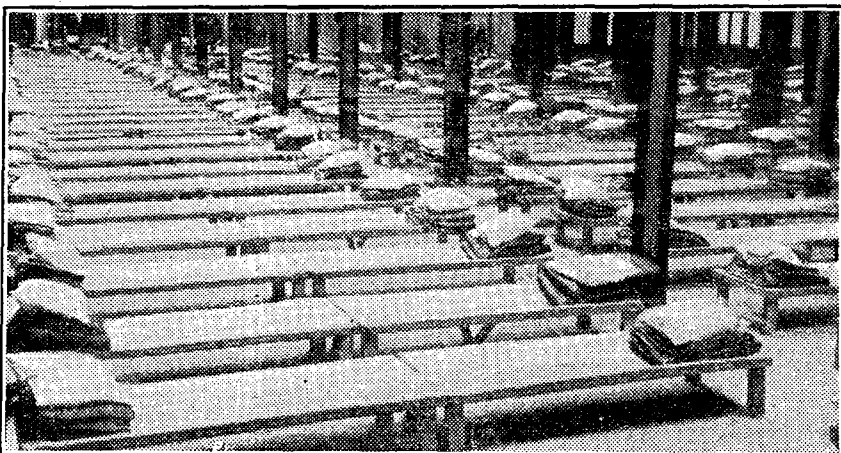
Checking a party of boys on arrival



The great dining-room where 3000 can sit at one time



The early morning toilet



One of the dormitories, where 3000 children can be accommodated

Parties of school children that come up from the Provinces to visit the Wembley Exhibition are housed in a great hostel reserved specially for their accommodation at Park Royal, near the Exhibition grounds. Here we see what this Children's Hotel is like

ROTARY

HIGH IDEALS IN BUSINESS

A Movement which Joins Up
the English-Speaking World

SERVICE ABOVE SELF

What is Rotary? It is the idea of mutual helpfulness on which Rotary Clubs are founded. And what is a Rotary Club? It is a society of business and professional men in which each may discuss his business problems with men engaged in other businesses.

Four men formed the first Rotary Club only nine years ago, and in a year it had fifty members. Now there are 1200 Rotary Clubs, one-tenth of them in the British Isles.

Rotary's motto is Service above Self, and it holds that service to others is the basis of all worthy enterprise. Thus it comes to represent high standards of honour and just dealing in all business and professional work. Could there be a better movement among us on the practical side of life?

Origin of a Name

The originator of Rotary was Mr. Paul Harris, a Chicago lawyer, and his fellow-founders of the first Rotary Club were a coal dealer, a mining expert, and a tailor. Only one member of any one trade or profession could be a member of the club at one time. This was in order that as much variety of experience as possible should be brought to the help of members, and also in order that no professional or business jealousies should spoil the harmony of the club.

But why the name? Because at first the club met in turn at the place of business of each member, as each member in turn explained his own business and its difficulties.

Social intercourse being an important part of the scheme, the clubs now meet at a weekly lunch, and as it is naturally not long before its actual members have told each other all there is to tell of their own experiences, there is usually an invited guest, either from outside or from a club in another town, who speaks for twenty minutes "on any subject of a non-political or non-religious nature."

The Waiting List

It is the proud boast of the movement that no Rotary Club was ever a failure. Indeed, most of the clubs have long waiting lists of people whose businesses are already represented in the existing membership.

And now there are Rotary Clubs all over the United States, the British Empire, and even on the Continent and in South America. There is an international association which holds an annual convention. That in Edinburgh in 1921 was attended by 3000 delegates and their wives, the American members chartering two steamers to bring them over.

Rotarians travelling either in their own country or abroad are heartily welcomed as guests of the clubs in the towns they visit. Their names are read out and a welcome given, and they in return voice the greetings of their own people. This immensely valuable work in thus bringing English-speaking countries into closer union and better mutual understanding, is steadily growing. Its effect on the tone and spirit of business life must be incalculable.

THE GOBY

Smallest Fish in the World

In the Philippines the people of Luzon eat the smallest fish in the world.

This is the goby, which is found in countless millions in Lake Buhi, and by the side of which the whitebait would appear like a salmon. The gobies, known to the Luzon natives as tabios or smarapan, are about half-an-inch long, but they are as slender as needles. They are fried and pressed into cakes, so that a hearty Luzon workman will actually eat thousands of them at a meal.

CHANGES OF THE AGES

STRIKING THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED

When One Man and His Secretary Controlled a War THE DAYS BEFORE SPEECHES

Talking to five hundred teachers, of whom Lord Burnham spoke as members of the Army of our Civilisation, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P., the other day traced some of the interesting changes that have taken place in Government through the centuries. These are some of the things he said.

Nowadays we regarded Government as a force exercising continuous pressure on the body politic, and capable of acting with energy and resolution, while we also associated with it the idea of knowledge.

No one could have served in a Cabinet without being struck with the enormous resources which a modern Government possesses for obtaining information from the world generally.

A Discovery of the Middle Ages

Ideas foreign to the ancient world were those of representation and of progress. Representation was the discovery of the Middle Ages, and the doctrine of progress that of the eighteenth century.

Vestiges of antiquity, such as the curious old ceremony of declaring the King's assent to laws in Norman French, still survived to delude us with the belief of continuity; Parliament itself, the creation of the thirteenth century; the shire, a relic of Anglo-Saxon antiquity; justices of the peace, the coroner, the Inns of Court, the assize judges, were all products of the Middle Ages.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was a very much more powerful person than Alfred or Canute, for it was difficult to secure the execution of laws when there was no Regular Army and no regular force of police—and our modern police were the creation of the nineteenth century.

The Little Room

The most striking illustration of the change which separated the Government of an industrial country from the Government in the rural state of its history was the growth of the Civil Service. It was not often realised how very modern our bureaucracy was. In the time of William Pitt there was no State staff at the Admiralty, and the clerks were the servants of the Minister; while, later still, the Crimean War was controlled, not from a gigantic War Office, but by the Secretary for War, transacting his work in a little room in Downing Street, with a staff of one man only—his own private secretary.

The progress of Government had not meant the decline of liberty. Mr. Jack Jones had more liberty than any Anglo-Saxon or Norman King. He could make his influence felt over more human beings, and could cultivate a far larger range of personal tastes than any individual in the remote ages.

Bad Food and Ignorance

There was no slum family in Glasgow at the present time which was subject to so high a rate of infant mortality as were the families of Anglo-Saxon Kings. At every turn the liberties of the medieval Englishman were curtailed by the privileges of the nobles and the Church, and by poverty and absence of sanitation, insufficient food supplies, and general ignorance; and not least were they curtailed by the weakness of the central Government, which permitted every kind of oppression.

Not till the nineteenth century did prominent Ministers of the Crown begin to make political speeches in the country. Mr. Lloyd George made sixty speeches during the recent election, but Pitt, during seventeen years of supreme office, only spoke twice outside the House of Commons, and then only four sentences in all. The change to the new idea was inaugurated by Lord Brougham in 1834.

A PLAGUE OF HIPPOS

Devastating the Grainfields of Tanganyika GIANT AS AGILE AS A MINNOW

There is a hippopotamus plague in Tanganyika Territory, these giant animals having multiplied so greatly of late that there are now thousands by the Rufiji River.

They leave the water at night, and even by day sometimes, ravaging the native grain plantations, trampling down and destroying far more than they eat. So serious has the pest become that the authorities are encouraging sportsmen to thin out the animals.

The hippopotamus as seen in a zoo is a heavy, slow-moving animal, but in its native haunts it is far from being unwieldy. It has been described as "agile as a minnow" when in the water, and a dangerous animal to anger.

The great creatures lie about in the river, which is full of shifting sandbanks, and herds of from fifty to a hundred are seen at almost every bend. They splash and snort and play, but directly they see the sportsman's boat they sink and leave nothing to indicate their presence but the tips of their ears and nostrils.

They walk on the bottom of the river, often with every part of the body covered, but they must come up at intervals for air. They can swim quite rapidly when totally submerged.

If a hippopotamus is annoyed or irritated it may charge a canoe and bite it in two, and sportsmen thrown into the waters of the Rufiji River would stand little chance of escape, for plenty of crocodiles are always lurking below the surface, or in the vegetation.

The hippopotamus is not easy to kill. Its thick skull can resist bullets except when these strike the eye, ear, or forehead between the eyes. If merely wounded the animal may leap out of the water and crash upon a boat.

No doubt these great pests will be reduced in numbers much more easily than insect pests, which in the long run do far more damage and are much more difficult to destroy. See *World Map*

THE BOY WHO GOT THROUGH

Cheery but Very Tired

What, we wonder, has become of that cheery Oxford boy who "got through" with his despatch one night in the war?

Sir William Robertson has been recalling him in a speech.

He recalled a night in the early days of the war when everything was in a state of confusion and nobody knew quite where the enemy was. It was essential to get through a message to a certain division concerning ammunition supplies. There was no one to send but a red-faced O.T.C. boy of nineteen from Oxford, looking very cheery but very tired, who volunteered, and who not only got the despatch through but came back.

The C.N. hopes the boy "came through" to the end, and if his eye sees this it sends him greetings.

A CABLE GIVES WAY

Sad Accident

New Yorkers have become so accustomed to seeing huge metal beams and other loads swinging from cranes in mid-air that the sight is seldom thought worthy even of passing comment.

The other day, however, as five tons of steel girders were being lifted over the roof of a five-storey hotel the cable gave way. Falling with terrific force, this heavy mass of metal crashed through all five storeys to the ground.

A hole wide enough to drive a team of horses through was ripped from roof to basement, and fourteen people were injured, four seriously.

OUR ARMY IN JERUSALEM

The Soldiers and Their Drinking Water

CASE BEFORE THE WORLD COURT

For nearly three years an argument has been going on between the British Government and a certain business man of Greece.

Before the war, this Greek, who is a contractor for public works, drew up plans for installing electric light and tramways in Jerusalem and for supplying it with drinking water. All details of construction and working were completed and he had already entered into contracts with the Turkish Government when war broke out.

When our army later occupied Jerusalem, and found a lack of drinking water, it made use of these surveys and plans to obtain a supply.

The Greek heard of this and at once went to investigate. The Turks, with whom he had made the contracts, no longer governed Palestine, and he had to deal with the new rulers, the British.

Ten Years Ago

Ten years have passed since the Great Shadow came over the world, ten bitter years. *Must they come again?*

TEN million lie dead in the fields of France, in the parched desert sands of Egypt and Mesopotamia, in the stillness and solitude of Gallipoli, and deep down on the bed of the sea. They died to save us all from war.

ONLY the unbroken spirit of the common people can save the world from the doom of another war, and the war of the future, if it should come, will destroy civilisation, with the old men and boys, the women and their little ones.

The war of the future, if the people do not cry out before it is too late, will not be war on soldiers, but on all mankind, blinding and poisoning and destroying the defenceless of every land and nation on which it falls.

These words are from a remarkable article which appears in *My Magazine* for September, now on sale everywhere.

who, by accepting the mandate for the country, had agreed to carry out Turkey's obligations toward people with whom contracts had been made before the war. The Greek therefore applied to them for compensation.

That was in 1921, and the matter has not yet been settled. The Greek, getting weary of the long-drawn-out negotiations, appealed to his own Government for help.

The Greek Government has now applied to the Court of International Justice for the settlement of the dispute.

The application made by the Greek Government quotes the various articles of the mandate, and of the Peace Treaty with the Turks, on which it bases its claim, and calls attention to their proper enforcement.

It states the Greek view of the case, and then, in requesting that judgment may be given, uses the very courteous phrase, *may the court be pleased.*

FIGHTING DISEASE

SIR DAVID BRUCE TELLS A GREAT STORY

Presidential Address at the British Association

THE GOATS AND THE ARMY

In his presidential address to the British Association, meeting this year at Toronto, Sir David Bruce told the fascinating story of the advance in our knowledge of disease, and our means of coping with and preventing it since the Association first met in Canada 40 years ago.

It began with Pasteur's establishment of the germ theory, and the application by Lister of his discoveries to the treatment of wounds in hospitals.

The first use Pasteur made of his germ theory was the development of inoculation or vaccination, by which a mild form of a fever is introduced into the system to provoke the creation in the blood of what are called anti-toxins, which fight and destroy the toxins, or poisons, set up by vaccination. The theory is that, once created, these anti-toxins remain ready to fight and destroy any toxins of a similar character which may arise through infection.

Enemy of the Garrison

Later discoverers invented the injection, not of germs, but of prepared anti-toxins to help against toxins already introduced by infection. As small-pox is fought by inoculation by germs, so diphtheria, for instance, is fought by the injection of anti-toxins.

Sir David Bruce told the story of how Malta fever, which slew part of every British garrison at Malta for generations, was at last discovered to be communicated by the milk of goats; and by the simple process of getting milk from other sources the fever was stamped out. Good housing, good water supply, good drainage, are the great enemies of many fevers. "The prevention of tuberculosis," of which Koch discovered the germ, "is seen to depend fundamentally on the provision of a better environment and the education of the people in good living."

Flies and Mosquitoes

Then there is the group of diseases transmitted by the mosquito, the tsetse-fly, and so on. One of the greatest of all recent medical triumphs is the stamping out of these diseases—malaria, yellow fever, and, partially, sleeping sickness—by the destruction of the insects and their breeding-grounds. Trench fever, again, was discovered during the war to be communicated by the lice which tormented our poor soldiers so terribly in their trenches. The elimination of the louse is a more difficult proposition than the elimination of the Malta goat. But great progress has been made, and Sir David believes it can be done.

It is truly a marvellous record. But there is a limit to what science can do for us. "It is for Governments and local authorities to carry out preventive measures," said Sir David Bruce, "and it is to be feared that science is often far ahead of the community in its share of the work."

10,000 CHICKENS

Busy Day On a Ranch

At a huge chicken ranch in the Southern States of America the other day 10,000 baby chicks broke their way out of their shells almost at one time.

The incubators here have a capacity of 15,000 eggs and are filled every three weeks. Thousands of day-old chicks are sent every month to farmers, while large numbers of eggs and chickens are marketed regularly.

The islands, very rocky and largely covered at high tide, are dangerous to navigation. On the largest of them, which rises to 60 feet, are the ruins of a thirteenth-century monastery. On another, in the last century, a man lived alone for 40 years, selling seaweed to farmers on the mainland for manure. On still another are some huts used by fishermen in the lobster season. Otherwise the islands are uninhabited.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 16. 1924

Of Course

IN ancient times, and in almost every quarter of the world, a dead man was buried with food and raiment at his side, in order that he should want for nothing in the next world.

A Tasmanian, on being asked why spears were buried with a dead man, answered: "For the use of him who has fallen asleep." The idea of these people is that war goes on in Eternity.

At this idea we are tempted to smile. It seems to us ridiculous that any man in his senses can believe that war could go on in a purely spiritual life. But instead of smiling at such childish folly, it would be better to see how disastrously this almost comic belief acts in our own world, in our own time, and among people who pass for members of the civilised human family.

There are many people who deliberately oppose the League of Nations. They are not wicked people, but good people; they are not ignorant people, but educated people. Their opposition to the League of Nations is dictated solely by patriotism, and is founded on a conviction they hold with all sincerity and no little moral earnestness.

That conviction, however, when we come to examine it, is on all fours with the mind of the Tasmanian who placed spears by the side of his dead. War for him was a matter of course. There had always been war, and therefore war would always exist, not only here but everywhere else. He could not conceive of life without it.

In the same way argue the critics of the League of Nations. For them, too, war is a matter of course. They cannot believe it will ever cease. It has been; it is; and so it must continue to be. In spite of their civilised appearance and their polite utterances, these people are like the Tasmanians.

The supreme difference between the really civilised man and the savage is that the civilised man believes in getting the mastery over the forces of Nature, while the savage's attitude towards Nature is one of surrender and cowardice. If medical men behaved like the opponents of the League there would be no conquest of disease. If engineers behaved like these critics there would be no aeroplanes, submarines, or wireless.

We have done in this country with bull-fighting, duelling, the public flogging of women, and many another ancient cruelty; and we shall one day trample under our feet the Tasmanian superstition that war, with all its waste and madness, is a matter of course. Peace will destroy war—of course.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



On a Wednesday

AN American, very much disappointed by the English climate, asked a glum-looking Englishman the other day when we have our summer here.

The Englishman considered for a moment, and then made answer: *Last year, if I remember rightly, we had it on a Wednesday.*

The Grandeur About Us

TENNYSON once said that when he contemplated the glory of the star-sown heavens he found it useful sometimes to think about the etiquette of a county ball.

If only people who spend their lives at races, or in ballrooms, and look on these things as the greatest things in the world, would sometimes think about the stars they would be less likely to make themselves ridiculous. The setting of life is tremendous.

A Blot on Our Good Sense

WE speak elsewhere of the sad death of Mrs. Simango, one of the most cultured women West Africa has yet given to the world. Here we wish to make one point.

It happens that Mr. Simango, too, is one of Africa's benefactors, for he has taken a science degree and is leading his people in enlightenment.

What we wish to note here is that Mr. Simango hurried in vain to see his wife in London before she passed away.

The last meeting of these two splendid Africans, giving their lives for civilisation, was prevented by passport difficulties.

The C.N. lives to spread goodwill and good sense among all people, and it hopes that this sad happening will bring a touch of humanity to those officials in all Governments who are responsible for this everlasting passport nuisance, which is rapidly becoming an outrage on common sense.

Brighter Streets

HERE is an idea. We wash ourselves regularly, and put on clean linen as often as possible. Also we scrub our floors and clean our curtains and carpets. Curiously, however, we rarely wash the faces of our buildings. That is why our towns look so grimy.

It would be better, of course, if there were not so much dirt to wash off, and, as the C.N. has often pointed out, we ought to get rid of the smoke nuisance altogether. But while we are waiting for that there is every reason why we should make our streets clean and bright and cheerful.

It makes a wonderful difference to life when buildings are kept clean and bright. We should be no more ashamed to have colour in our towns than to see colour in the sky, the fields, and the sea.

What Will Happen Next?

SITTING in an armchair in London the other day, a friend of ours heard a dog bark in the market square of Bruges. Now 2 LO is to send round England the buzzing of a beetle, and elsewhere we note that a professor is to let the farmer listen to the gnawing of grubs on his apple-trees.

Truly there are more things on Earth than were dreamed of by Shakespeare. What will happen next?

Tip-Cat

THE Danish Government proposes to abolish all decorations. Not necessary, for they are already worn out.

BRIGHTON has asked "the whole world" for a slogan and has been greatly disappointed. We feel sure somebody will soon suggest Brighter Brighton.

It is thought that the Channel Tunnel would be a danger to England. We might all go under.

FEW of the younger generation can use a scythe. But most of them can make hay while the sun shines.

THE glass of the Crystal Palace, we are told, was made by Messrs. Chance. We have heard that the world was made by chance, but never before that chance made the Crystal Palace.

DURING hot weather, writes a doctor, you should travel light. How can you if you weigh eighteen stone?

JUDGE CLUER never travels in a country till he has learned the language. In case he and the inhabitants come to words.

Our Mental Duty

WE have just come upon a useful thought worth passing on.

Herbert Spencer did a great service to honest thinking when he said that many people praised God for works which they had never given themselves the trouble to examine.

He asked what an author would think of a man who praised his books in superlative language but never got farther into them than the bindings. "Not science, but the neglect of science, is irreligious."

What He Would Be

By a Boy

I'd rather own a pony
Than be Marconi;
I'd rather drive a train
Than have Lord Curzon's brain;
I'd rather have one bunny
Than all Lord Rothschild's money;
In fact, I would be rather
Myself than even Father;
But if I had been born a She,
Mummy I would like to be.

A Father and His Son

All Europe has been talking of the Dawes Report—the Report of the Commission presided over by General Dawes, dealing with Germany's capacity to pay.

General Dawes is the candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States in the autumn, standing with President Coolidge for the Republican Party.

President Coolidge has lately lost his young son, and it is recalled that General Dawes 12 years ago lost his only son, a boy of fine promise. This is what he said of him at the funeral.

My boy was only in the beginning of his business career, while the career of which I am now to speak was complete. The Lord gave him time fully and wholly to complete it.

The truly great character must unite unusual strength and determination with gentleness. My boy was imperious. He recognised no superior on Earth, and yet was the tender and intimate friend of the weak and humble.

Against the Crowd

I have taken him with me among the greatest in the nation and looked in vain for any evidence in him of awe and curiosity. He has taken me, asking me to help them, among the poor and lowly of the Earth.

He began early in life to set himself against the crowd, for no man rises to real prestige who follows it.

Like every born leader he had his many warm friends, but if Rufus ever had a bitter enemy I have yet to hear of him. His kindness, sincerity, and humour disarmed hatred. I never saw him angry.

In any matter to which Rufus set himself seriously he saw no possible measure of his full abilities or efforts except in the leading contestant. He recognised no victory in a second or third prize.

My boy lived long enough to win out. Whatever the years would have added would have been only material. In a man's character is his real career.

Climbing the Rough Ways

My boy had already climbed the rough ways which lead up the steep mountains of character. Mistake not. It was no easy victory. Material achievement may be both easy and accidental, but no moral victory is ever either.

Rufus was mercifully spared the sight of Grim Death, whose unseen hand was even then upon his shoulder. But had this happy boy turned and seen him beckoning him away from the dear ones, from his home, from his parents and his sister, from the great battlefield of life, with its fine victories to be won, I know that without complaint, clear-eyed, unafraid, in simple, unquestioning faith, with hope and trust in his Lord, my dear son would quietly have followed into the Darkness of the Shadow.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW

August 16, 1924

The Children's Newspaper

7

WORLD'S GUIDES IN THE NEW FOREST A WONDERFUL CAMP

"Laying Their Countries at
the Chief Guide's Feet"

MEMORIES THAT WILL LIVE IN MANY LANDS

By the Chief Guide for Poland

The great Girl Guide camp has come to an end in the New Forest, but Guides from foreign countries are still enjoying hospitality in England. They are scattered all over the country in different camps, following the advice of the Chief Scout, who urged them to use their time well and make many friends with other nations while they were in England.

None of these Guides were wasting their time at Foxlease. Everywhere one saw groups of girls of different nations, talking different languages, yet understanding each other well. Forty-six countries were represented.

The World's Girlhood

It was a memorable moment when thousands of Guides, representatives of all these nations, sat together round the big Camp Fire. The Swiss brought with them a beautiful Guide song composed for the occasion by Jacques Dalcroze, the founder of Eurythmics. The chorus part was easily picked up by all other nations.

Hearing them singing together one could think that they all came from one country, yet it was not only in the song that they seemed alike. Visitors who came to see the camp were saying again and again that they expected to see such different girls, and here they all looked the same. But for their costumes one could hardly tell English Guides from Swedish, or from Latvian, or from Danish. It was a revelation to many people to see that a girl is the same all over the world.

The whole camp was divided into small group camps, each group composed of different nationalities. In that way they were all mixed together.

Language of the Heart

Some of the girls found it hard to talk foreign languages, but happily most Guides know the only truly successful international language, the language of the heart, and this was spoken where words failed. I have seen an English Guider showing to two Chilean Guides the Rufus Stone in the New Forest. The Chileans knew no language except Spanish, but with three Spanish words and a good many gestures the Guider succeeded in telling the Chileans the story of Rufus, and they understood.

Each camp was doing its own cooking, and so there were English, French, American, and Polish meals according to those who prepared them.

The afternoons were given to displays. One saw there many fine things. The Swedes did some beautiful dances and gave an exhibition of Swedish drill. French Guides played games with great vivacity and lightness. Switzerland beat all other nations with its splendid choir. America gave an interesting pageant. Polish, Finnish, Danish, and Hungarian dances and folk songs were much appreciated.

Homage to the Chief Guide

But the most attractive display was by South Africa; it was a Zulu dance by South African Guides round the Camp Fire. The white girls disguised themselves so well that most of the on-lookers believed that they were watching natives. Only the Chief Quartermaster knew the secret, because she had to give three tins of cocoa to make white girls look dark. After the dance came a lullaby, sung in parts in Zulu language. The girls carried their black babies (made of rags) on their backs, and proceeded round the Camp Fire, swaying their bodies gently, as if putting their babies to sleep.

The Chief Guide must have felt proud

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Of 139 vessels lost at sea in the last quarter of 1923 nearly 30 were British.

A Birmingham man who started as a newsboy has been nominated as the next Lord Mayor of that city.

A bullfinch has returned to its cage at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, after having been at large for three weeks.

Round the Cenotaph

The rubber paving round the Cenotaph in Whitehall is a failure, and is being replaced by wood blocks.

The Glass of the Crystal Palace

The Crystal Palace, we read in a booklet issued from the famous Chance Glassworks at Smethwick, has nearly a million and three-quarter square feet of glass, all of which Messrs. Chance supplied.

A Brick in the Temple of Peace

One of the wisest and most gracious acts associated with the great Advertising Convention was the gift to each delegate, by Mr. L. G. Sloan, of a copy of Green's Short History of the English People.

Green caterpillars have been swarming in Hyde Park.

Japan's first Government broadcast-station has been completed in Shiba Park, Tokio.

July 27 was appointed as a day of prayer in South Africa for relief from the drought and locust plagues.

The Doll's House

The Queen's Doll's House at Wembley has been visited by 800,000 people, and the coal mine by 440,000.

A Climb to Safety

A woman escaping from danger at Glasgow climbed from a window and carried her child along a ledge 20 feet from the ground.

Locomotive Number 1

We regret that the contributor of our notes on Wembley confused the world's first railway passenger engine with Stephenson's Rocket, built in 1829, and now at South Kensington. The engine is the earlier Locomotive Number 1.

LOOKING DOWN ON PARIS



The Eiffel Tower in Paris has been undergoing repairs, and these workmen who are busily engaged on the steel framework of the tower have a splendid view of the city, quite like that of an airman

and happy when, on the last day of the camp, the representatives of all nations paid her homage. One by one they came with their national flags, laying their country for a moment at the Chief Guide's feet. Many beautiful presents were given to her by different nations. America gave a garden seat, Denmark a doll in national costume, Holland a pair of wooden clogs, France and Czechoslovakia little flags, Poland a hand-woven carpet and a bright *pajak* (used in ancient times by Polish peasants as a charm against evil thoughts and spirits), Finland a head-dress, South Africa a native broom and beautiful ostrich feathers.

There was also a very impressive pageant at the last Camp Fire, when the great women of history came one by one out of the dark night and paused by the fire, while one of the Commis-

sioners was speaking about the spirit of courage, gentleness, devotion, and sacrifice that inspired not only men but also women of the world. There came Boadicea in her chariot, Olga of Russia, Margaret of Scotland, Philippa of Hainault, Catherine of Siena, Queen Jadwiga of Poland, Elizabeth of Hungary, Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth of England, Queen Christina of Sweden, The Pilgrim Mother, Maria Theresa of Austria, and Florence Nightingale.

Auld Lang Syne, sung by all nations, ended that wonderful week. Each nation took a brand from the Camp Fire and it was very impressive to see them walking out into the dark night with the glowing brands, carried in front of each group. So, please God, shall they go out into the world, carrying home the Spirit of Love, glowing like the brands gathered by the Camp Fire at Foxlease.

CECIL RHODES DREAM

HOW IT IS COMING TRUE

The Scholarship Boy and the
Lads of the Slums

A STORY OF THREE CONTINENTS

Cecil Rhodes had a great dream of gathering together from everywhere the young men who had brains and character, to spend three or four of the best years of their expanding lives at Oxford, and then to return to their own countries, seeing the world from a new angle.

These men are the Rhodes Scholars, who for twenty years past have come from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, the United States, the West Indies; and many of them have justified one-half of the dreamer's hope, for they have brought something to Oxford in exchange for what they have taken from it.

The New Branch

How are they justifying the other part of the dream? What becomes of all the Rhodes Scholars, of whom in any year there are nearly 300 at Oxford—a little more than half from the Dominions, and the rest from the United States? They become men of business, lawyers, engineers, doctors, manufacturers, professors, like the rest of their contemporaries, and they probably succeed better than the average, but only the future will reveal the great among them.

One of them, who has just died all too young, interpreted the dream of Cecil Rhodes in a way all his own, but it was a way which was like a new branch on an old tree. This young man, Kingsley Fairbridge, was not satisfied that only men of learning and understanding should be exchanged between the New Worlds and the Old.

Trained for the Farm

He thought the needy lads of the Old Country should be transported to seek their fortunes in the new lands. Before he died he lived to see come true his own dream of making farm schools in Western Australia for the lads of London streets.

His own life pointed the way to him, for he had gone out to Rhodesia as a boy of eleven, there to earn his own living in the rough fashion of frontier life. He was far from having had a good education, and when he was 21, and tried to win a Rhodes Scholarship, he did not know Greek enough to pass the examination, so he came to England and for two years struggled with his deficiencies till at last he got through.

Even then his ambition was not to profit himself by the Oxford training he was to receive, but to impress on all who would listen his scheme for the emigration of poor children to the colonies, for which he had already prepared by visiting New Zealand, Canada, and the United States. His enthusiasm carried others with him, especially his fellow Rhodes Scholars, and a year after he had left Oxford he started his first farm school at Pinjarra in Western Australia.

The World Moves On

It began with 35 small London boys; it has extended and developed since. A few weeks ago the new Fairbridge Farm School buildings for 200 boys and girls rescued from the slums were finished. Last year the Prince of Wales spoke of Fairbridge as a man whose work Rhodes would himself have commended; and it may well be that this new aspect of the ideas of Cecil Rhodes will prove even more fruitful and useful to Greater Britain than the first one.

Is it not an impressive witness to the circulating wonder of the life of the world, this dream of a man of Africa like Cecil Rhodes, wishing to make all men friendly; and this carrying on of his dream by one of his Rhodes Scholars, taking slum boys from London to build up farms in Australia! So, from age to age, the world moves on.

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE FLEET

HOW IT IS MAINTAINED

Story of Thirty Seconds and What Happened in Them

THE CAPTAIN ON THE BRIDGE

I am proud of the splendid appearance of the ships and of their crews, and know that this condition of efficiency can only be maintained by that discipline and devotion to duty which animate all ranks.

So said the King after his visit to the Fleet, when our great pageantry of ships passed before him. Here is a true story, never before published, which shows how this discipline in the Navy is maintained.

A young officer, bringing his ship into port, desired to smoke. He felt in his pocket for pipe and tobacco. They were not there. He remembered that he had left them in the charthouse, just below the bridge. He looked about him. All was plain sailing. He nipped down the stairs, grabbed his pipe and pouch, and made for the bridge. Thirty seconds had passed—thirty seconds destined to affect his whole career.

Another Chance

His captain was going up the stairs on the opposite end of the bridge. Their eyes met. The captain said, "Why have you left the bridge?" The young officer explained. "Go to your cabin," said the captain; "you are under arrest; tomorrow I shall report you to the admiral."

On the morrow the captain sent for this young officer, who was a very keen and brilliant sailor. "If I report you to the admiral," he said, "your career will be ruined. I intend to give you a chance. But remember this: when you are navigating officer never leave the bridge of your ship for a single second."

Years passed away. That young officer rose to be a commander. He was famous for his seamanship. One day in going to the bridge of his ship he saw the navigating officer going up the stairs on the opposite side. "Why have you left the bridge?" he demanded. The youth gave a reason. "Go to your cabin," said the commander; "you are under arrest."

The Culprit Forgiven

The next day he sent for this young officer, warned him, and forgave him, as he himself had been forgiven. "I will give you a chance," he said; "see that you take it."

A few years passed away. The commander returned one day from a voyage to find a telegram awaiting him. He was ordered to attend a court-martial at Portsmouth. He arrived just after the trial had begun. The prisoner was the young officer whom he had forgiven for leaving the bridge.

Duty and Mercy

The commander was asked if he had ever had the prisoner under his command. "Yes."

"Have you ever had occasion to reprimand him?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"For leaving the bridge when he was acting as navigating officer."

"For leaving the bridge when he was navigating officer! But didn't you report him to the admiral?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I thought a reprimand might be sufficient."

"But you knew that it was your duty to report him to the admiral?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you do your duty?"

"I wanted to give him a chance."

From that moment the merciful commander was ruined. A black mark was made against his name. He never rose another step in the Service. His spirits drooped. The heart went out of him. He died in the flower of his manhood.

But the discipline of the British Navy was maintained.

PUSSY UP THE CHIMNEY

How She Came Down

A DERBYSHIRE STORY

A Derbyshire reader gives this bright account of a recent misadventure by a cat she knows.

Our coachman's cat had been missing from its home for three weeks and four days. It had been sought for and inquired after until its life was despaired of. Then, accidentally, it was discovered to have fallen down a bedroom chimney in its own home. It must have been chasing a bird across the low old chimney when it fell down and lodged on a recess.

One day, when the wind was blowing down the chimney, the cat's mistress, while dusting the bedroom hearth, heard a faint mew. Opening the back of the fireplace, and calling the cat by name, she heard another plaintive mew.

The fireplace was taken out, but still puss could not be reached. Then a new plan of rescue was tried. A piece of meat was tied with a string to a roasting fork, and hoisted up the chimney, and when the ravenous pussy seized the meat with her teeth she was pulled down the chimney.

She was very exhausted, but lay in the arms of her mistress looking up into her face with a pathetic attempt to show grateful affection.

A REST-HOUSE 800 YEARS OLD

Dover Looking After a Treasure

While we are thinking eagerly of our new buildings here and there, and the fine concrete halls of Wembley, we must not forget what we owe to our old buildings. We must not forget the lesson of Waterloo Bridge, which, with forethought, might have been saved.

One of the oldest and most interesting buildings in England is the Maison Dieu Hall at Dover, built in the 12th century for a rest-house where pilgrims from the Continent might stay. It seems quite reasonable for a building 800 years old to want reinforcing in some way, and we are glad to know that Dover Corporation is going into the matter.

In the middle of the last century, just when our artistic sense was at a very low ebb, a great deal of restoring and repairing was done all over the country which did much harm to the beauty of the original structures. The Maison Dieu house suffered in this way, and we rejoice to hear that the Dover people intend to undo this false restoring, and save both the building and as much of its ancient formation as possible.

NEW HUNGARY

Restoring Her Trade Balance

Hungary is hoping to restore her foreign trade balance by developing her coal-mining industry.

Last year her mines yielded over seven million tons of brown coal, which was ample for her requirements, though higher-grade coal had to be imported for the railways and various industries. Now, however, it is proposed to utilise brown coal for electric power stations, which will be built on the coalfields.

The country has many resources, and there are extensive iron and engineering industries, 45,000 people being employed in this way. But, by the Peace Treaty, a great many of the ironworks were separated from their supplies of coal and iron ore, and so had to look for raw material from across the borders.

The future success of the country largely depends on the success of the plans she is formulating with the League of Nations, and it is hoped that the Hungarian Government will adopt a useful economic policy. A good harvest is expected this year.

WHY THE GORILLA KEEPS HIS TEETH

And Why We Lose Ours

THE WORK OF THE IVORY CROSS

A gorilla has exactly the same kind of teeth as human beings, but, instead of being crowded up against each other as ours are, there are gaps between them. The result is that, while we lose our teeth, the gorilla keeps his.

The gorilla has gaps because his jaws are larger than ours. Ours were as large as his once, but they have gradually got smaller—no one knows why. No doubt that is one reason why most of us are better looking than he is.

Lord Salisbury told about the gorilla at a meeting of the Ivory Cross Society at Wembley, and an eminent dentist added that if we would only use floss silk—much more important than tooth brushes—to dislodge food from between our teeth we should not suffer half as much as we do, and if our teeth were sound there would not be half as much illness.

The Ivory Cross performs a thousand operations a month for people who without its aid could not afford to have their teeth seen to.

WHERE ARE THE FISH?

A Channel Disappearance

Where have the fish that used to be caught in the Channel gone? Brighton fishermen say they have disappeared.

"Night after night the boats go out, and although we put down over a mile of net, and work all night, we return without a catch." The owners are losing heavily, and the fishermen are approaching penury.

It is suggested that submarine explosions during the war stopped the fish from breeding, so preventing the replenishment of the stocks. Earlier this year, too, the weather was so bad that the boats were not able to go out as usual, and so the nets did not drag over the bed of the sea and rake up the worms and other food the fish feed on. Finding the food supply falling short, the fish, it is thought, may have gone off in search of a living elsewhere.

ELECTRICITY IN 1923

What was Accomplished in America

The National Electric Association of America has been holding its annual meeting and reviewing progress in 1923.

Outstanding among the electrical accomplishments of the year was the construction at Niagara of the largest water-wheel ever built, carrying 85,000 horse power on a single shaft. Then there was the erection on the Pacific coast of gigantic power lines carrying 225,000 volts hundreds of miles by means of huge steel towers. The most powerful steam turbine in existence has been put in operation at Brooklyn, and all over the country electrical progress is sweeping on at a rate that will spend 2000 million pounds in the next ten years.

LONELY FISHER FOLK

A Parson Wanted

The lonely fisher-folk of St. Anthony and the adjacent coast of North Newfoundland want a clergyman to look after the three or four churches there, mainly built by themselves.

One of their number who has settled as a clergyman in Canada is willing to sacrifice his much better living there and return to minister to his native village.

Money has been raised in America to build a parsonage and buy a motor-boat, but the money for the smallest reasonable stipend is short by £100 a year, and Mr. Grenfell has asked if Englishmen can guarantee it for four years or so.

THE IRONCLAD'S LAST THRUST

Des!ructive in Death

POISONING THE MEN WHO BREAK UP OUR SHIPS

Even in their death the battleships which cost so many lives in the Great War continue to cause human suffering.

The tale is told in the Annual Report of Factories and Workshops, where is described the way in which these monsters are being cut up as they are salvaged from Scapa Flow, or are demolished under the Washington Treaty.

All over the world their steel plates are being scrapped, and the work is given out to dockyards and to contractors great and small. The chief agent for destroying the armour-plating is the oxy-acetylene flame, which cuts through steel plates as through butter.

But in that terrific heat everything melts, including the lead in the paint with which the plates are covered, and the backing of red lead which most of them have. So high is the temperature that the lead is brought to the state of a gas. If this gas could be examined under a microscope it would be found to consist of extremely fine particles, just as a cloud of tobacco smoke would be; but these lead particles are so fine that they penetrate six inches of cotton wool.

A Clever Device

The consequence is that many of the men working at the plates are going down with severe lead poisoning. There is, in fact, as a result of this new industry, more lead poisoning among the workers than in the bad days of lead poisoning in the potteries.

At the Government Dockyard at Rosyth a very clever and humane chief engineer has devised a machine for carrying the oxy-acetylene flame over the plates out of reach of the lungs of the worker for most of the time. But the worker must sometimes stoop over the flame to adjust it, and then the damage is done. Moreover, while the work is being given out all over the country, especially in small yards, it is not possible to ensure that these or any other proper precautions are taken; and as the work is voluntarily undertaken it does not come under the restrictions of the Factory Acts, or the supervision of the Home Office. It ought to be under both, and it is hoped the new Factory Act will make it so.

ONE-WAY TRAFFIC

An Experiment That Has Come to Stay

A very useful experiment in traffic regulation has been made in the quarter of London known as theatre-land, and the experience gained from it is certain to be used on a much wider scale, both in London and in other crowded cities.

When the theatres are due to close at night all vehicles—omnibuses, taxis, and private cars alike—are required to traverse the district by one set of streets when going in one direction and another set of streets when going the other way, so that in any one street the traffic is all in one direction.

Special arrangements, too, are made for parking cars in side streets and squares while their owners are absent.

The result has been entirely successful. "I estimate," says London's traffic controller, "that no theatre-goer was kept for more than 30 seconds in a traffic block," even on the first night when the arrangements were new to all.

The one-way traffic idea seems assuredly to have come to stay.

August 16, 1924

The Children's Newspaper

9

THE SLOWING-DOWN POST OFFICE

TIME TO WAKE UP

Why Not Make a Great Work Better Known?

A WORD TO ST. MARTIN'S

The Post Office is a good servant of the public, but it might easily be still better. We say nothing at the moment about the slowing-down of the delivery of country letters, which has been one of the worst things that have happened since the war.

But it is high time that every part of this vast national business was overhauled, from the head Post Offices down to the usually dirty telephone call-offices. A correspondent who has been looking into the matter would like here to say a word to St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Directions on the Pillar Box

The first thing to be done should be to put Post Offices in prominent places, and to make them plain. It is almost incredible, but even in some of London's finest thoroughfares a Post Office is hardly to be found.

The Postmaster-General ought to be proud of his Post Offices. He should make them plain and prominent. They should be distinctive in colour. Clear directions as to their situation should be posted at all small railway stations, and all big railway stations should have official Post Offices as a matter of course.

Another good thing would be to fix a plate to every red letter-box stating the address of the nearest postal, telegraph, and telephone offices. It is often absurdly difficult to buy even a stamp in London and other big towns. It would be simple to make stamps purchasable somewhere at all hours. The C.N. suggested some time ago that street boxes should have facilities for telephoning, telegraphing, and buying stamps; it would be a very simple matter.

Post Office in a Corner

One very serious fault is the condition of local Post Offices, which are usually to be found in the shops of grocers and other tradesmen. The idea of this is to run the thing cheaply, but the results for the public are very unfortunate.

To give a faithful description of thousands of local Post Offices is to describe a scene of nerve-racking muddle. Such a place often consists of a corner of a little grocer's shop. The narrow counter and the space behind it occupy a total area of twelve feet by seven. At the back of this space are jams and pickles. Behind the counter are two worried postal clerks vainly endeavouring to serve the public. Their appliances are so poor that they have to use a chocolate box for registered letters.

Big Business in a Little Place

In this one little office, beside which is a telephone call-box, which is so dirty that it smells very badly, the following business is done:

- Selling Postage Stamps.
- Selling Health and Unemployment Stamps.
- Selling Dog Licences.
- Dispatching Telegrams.
- Working Telephone Trunk Calls.
- Managing Post Office Savings.
- Paying Old Age Pensions.
- Paying War Pensions.
- Weighing and Dispatching Parcels.
- Registering Letters.
- Selling National Savings Certificates.
- Selling and Cashing Postal Orders.
- Selling and Cashing Money Orders.
- Dispatching Express Letters.

So the two clerks are hard driven all day, and often the twelve-foot counter is crowded with impatient customers who necessarily keep each other waiting. It is not that the clerks are idle or

A BOY'S HOPE

The New Life Australia Puts Into Him

THE MAN THE COMMONWEALTH WANTS

These notes are from a letter written by a youth who went to Western Australia about 18 months ago, under the Salvation Army Boy Learner's Scheme.

Life in Australia is what you make it. If you come out here determined to do something and get on, you will make many friends, and the bush will be father and mother to you, and you will just begin to live.

In my opinion there is no other country in the world which presents such golden opportunities to the newcomer. But you must work—you cannot get on without doing so. The first year is naturally the worst; you feel as if you hate Australia, but after that Australia grips you and fascinates you, and you cannot leave without knowing you are coming back.

I still love my England, but I have learned to love Australia, too, for the life here is free and easy, and be you in rags and tatters in the bush you will always have friends if you know how to be a man. But Australia has no use for shirkers. It wants clean-living men who can work. The Australian is the finest friend one can make.

I am not sorry I came, and I never shall be. No more humdrum city life for me. I want the bush, the open spaces, where a man can think and breathe. Australia has made a man of me, whereas I should have been a weed. I owe Australia more than I can repay.

I am going to repay something by becoming a farmer, and if my luck holds in ten years I shall have enough money to retire, with the best part of my life before me.

THE CHAPEL ON THE BRIDGE

Its Many Adventures

A chapel built on a bridge for the pilgrims in 1483 has just been restored, reopened, and reconstructed after nearly 400 years of secular use.

The ill-fated boy King Edward V, was on the throne when it was built. Under Elizabeth it was made into an almshouse, and under George III it became a gaol. The bridge on which it stands is still called the Gaol Bridge. Finally the chapel became a tobacco-nist's shop.

It is a beautiful little building, and it was a pious act on the part of the Rotherham people to restore it to its proper use.

Picture on page 12

Continued from the previous column

unwilling; far from it. It is that their office is so poor it hinders their work.

As to the Telephone Call-Boxes, there are not nearly enough, and many of them need overhauling. They are often put in such dark corners that it is impossible to read the numbers in the telephone list, and the list itself is usually hung on a chain, making it very difficult to handle and quickly reducing it to rags. The users of telephone call-boxes could be multiplied over and over again if the Post Office provided adequate, clean, well-lit boxes in every main street.

Finally, every Post Office should show plainly the nature of the business done in it. Plenty of things can be done at Post Offices which the public do not do because they do not know that the facilities exist. By properly advertising itself, making its services known, and administering itself more efficiently, the Post Office could do wonders, and increase its revenue sufficiently to bring back its lost virtue of a Penny Post.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Is the Caspian Sea Tideless?

It is practically tideless, there being no appreciable tidal movement of the waters.

What is the Flesh of a Goat Called?

There is no special name like mutton for a sheep and beef for an ox. It is simply called goat flesh or goat meat.

When Were the Houses in Our Streets First Numbered?

New Burlington Street, London, was the first street to be numbered, in June, 1764.

What was the Colour of Napoleon's Uniform?

Usually he wore the dark green uniform of a colonel of the Chasseurs of the Guard, covered in cold weather by a grey overcoat.

When was the Regent's Canal Cut?

This London canal, from Paddington to Limehouse, was begun on October 14, 1812, and opened on August 1, 1820.

Is there any Limitation as to the Depth to which a Landowner Owns Land?

The ownership of land includes an indefinite extent upward and downward to the Earth's centre.

What is the Meaning of S.P.Q.R. on the old Roman Standards?

These are the initials of the words Senatus Populusque Romanus, meaning the Roman Senate and People.

How do Mountaineers Carry Oxygen up Mountains?

They take this gas, which is used for breathing in the rarefied atmosphere, in a compressed form in knapsack vessels.

Why is Milk White?

It is not white, but cream-coloured. The whitish appearance is due to the solids in solution, such as casein, albumen, and milk sugar, and the cream tint is due to the fats.

What is Sleep?

A bodily condition in which the nervous system is inactive, the muscles relaxed, and consciousness practically suspended, caused by the consumption of energy in the nerves which renders restoration necessary.

When was Pope's Translation of Homer First Published?

It was published over a course of years beginning with the first volume, which included the first four books of the Iliad, in 1715, and ending with the last volume in 1720.

What is the Difference Between a Cathedral and a Minster?

A cathedral is the principal church of a diocese with a bishop's throne; a minster is, properly speaking, a church to which a monastery or ecclesiastical fraternity is, or has been, attached.

Where is an Ice Supply Obtained from a Cave?

The ice supply of the island of Tenerife is obtained from a cave a hundred feet long by thirty feet broad, and about twelve feet high. It is situated in the Peak of Tenerife, 10,000 feet above sea level.

How Many Times does Water Increase in Volume when it Becomes Steam?

Steam at 212 degrees Fahrenheit occupies a space 1642 times as large as the water from which it was generated; that is, one cubic inch of water is converted into approximately one cubic foot of steam.

What is the Origin of the Idea of Putting Salt on a Bird's Tail to Catch It?

It is a very old idea, and was merely a joke played on children. Obviously, if they could put salt on the bird's tail they could catch hold of the bird. Who first suggested the joke is unknown.

Who Invented the Alphabet, and When?

No one can be said to have invented the alphabet. It originated in the pictures and pictorial symbols drawn by primitive man. Sir Flinders Petrie maintains that the signs forming our alphabet originated in many parts of the world, as far apart as Asia Minor and Spain, and that they were gradually brought together by the nations dwelling round the Mediterranean.

What was the Original Order of St. John of Jerusalem?

It was in medieval times an order of non-military monks who founded a hospital and church at Jerusalem, and so were called Hospitaliers. Later they became a military order, took part in the Crusades, and in succession occupied Cyprus, Rhodes, and Malta, being known at different times as Knights of Rhodes and Knights of Malta. The order was revived in England for ambulance work in 1827.

MARS AT HIS NEAREST

CLOSEST APPROACH FOR A CENTURY

Planet With Conditions Something Like the Earth's

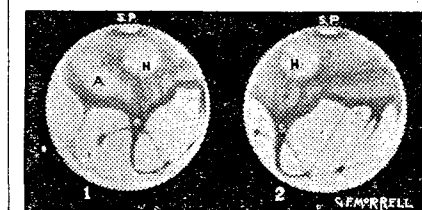
THE CANALS AND OASES

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

That splendid object of the night sky, the planet Mars, will be at his nearest to us on Friday next, August 22, being then but 34,637,000 miles away, and the nearest world to our own except, of course, the Moon.

He may be seen in the south-east about 9.30 p.m. He should not be mistaken for the great white orb of Jupiter in the south-west at that time.

This approach of Mars to our world is an exceptionally near one, the nearest for 120 years, and special efforts are being made to take the greatest possible advantage of the opportunity, but in the



Two views of Mars at intervals of three to four hours, as seen through a telescope

Southern Hemisphere Mars will be almost overhead, and so may be studied better through a thinner stratum of our atmosphere.

It happens also that just now the southern hemisphere of Mars is tilted toward us, as our world's is tilted toward Mars, the view that he presents to us being similar to that shown in the picture, with the white snow cap at his South Pole easily visible.

This may vanish altogether as the Martian summer advances, for it is now approaching mid-summer in the southern hemisphere of Mars, and summer occurs there when he is almost at his nearest to the Sun—as it does on our world. But Mars is 26 million miles nearer to the Sun in his southern summer, whereas our Earth is only three million miles nearer.

Another remarkable similarity between these two worlds is that most of the water area of Mars is in his southern hemisphere, as is the case on Earth. This can be seen from the picture, showing Mars as he appears about this time of the year in a large telescope between 12 and 18 inches in diameter, which shows the planet inverted.

Hidden by the Clouds

Of course, as Mars revolves on his axis in 24 hours 37 minutes, his aspect changes, the difference between the views 1 and 2 in the picture lasting from about 3 to 4 hours.

The light portions indicate continents that are usually reddish and are believed to be largely desert. A few of the more conspicuous of the so-called canals are shown crossing these desert regions to the oases or lakes. But the darker regions above and surrounding the South Pole, marked S.P., must not be regarded as all "sea," but only the darkest portions of them. The lighter grey markings such as Hellas, marked H on the picture, and A, Ausonia, are believed to be areas covered with vegetation, as the oases and so-called canals are; the actual water being probably invisible—particularly if spread out in small channels economically by intelligent beings, as appears to be the case; for water is scarce on Mars, as are clouds which occasionally form and obscure portions of the permanent details. The most noteworthy of these is the famous sea Syrtis Major, marked S. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Venus is in the east in the morning. In the evening Mars is south-east, Jupiter and Saturn south-west, Mercury west.

EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men
Among the Red Men

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 58

The Attack Fizzles Out

It was a clear, frosty night. The Indians, as they climbed the stockade wall, showed, each one, a black outline against the starry sky—an unmistakable target.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Every Englishman hit his man, and the Redskins tumbled back on those who had been helping them up over the log fence.

The Indians had counted on finding the settlers in their beds. Instead of that, they were met with gunshot by the alert whites.

Not an effective shot was fired by the Redskins. A few bullets rattled harmlessly against the logs, then there was silence.

David, looking through his loophole, burst into laughter.

"Look here, Nancy!" he called to his sister, who had begged to be detailed as his particular helper, and she, looking through the opening, saw a strange sight.

The ground was covered with savages, dim in the starlight, crawling cautiously toward the woods, pushing their muskets before them.

"I reckon they're feeling pretty sick," laughed David.

All that night the settlers watched, but there was no renewal of the attack. Far out in the woods could be seen the many camp fires of the Indians. Evidently they were taking counsel.

A little before noon next day David, who had been snatching an hour's sleep beside his loophole, was awakened by Nancy.

"Davie!" she said excitedly; "look, there's an Indian coming up the slope with a bit of white cotton tied to a stick."

David was on his feet in a second.

"A flag of truce!" he exclaimed, looking through the opening.

"Looks as if he wanted to parley."

Feeling it was safe to leave their post, David and Nancy went to where Daniel Boone was standing. He too had seen the Indian messenger, who had now stopped, and, standing on a stump just out of rifle range, waved the flag in the air.

The scout smiled and nodded at him, but made no further move. The other men came up and surrounded the leader. Five, ten minutes went by, and still Daniel Boone watched the messenger.

"Aren't you going to do anything at all, Daniel!" cried Simpson.

"Hold your horses, Jake," returned Boone, unperturbed. "We mustn't let the Indians think we are in a hurry to talk to them."

After another quarter of an hour the scout turned to David.

"Now, Davie, tie your handkerchief to a stick and go out—not too close—and find out what he wants."

David did as he was told, and, opening a small door in the larger gates, stepped out on the slope of the hill, followed by the anxious eyes of the settlers. Taking care not to seem hurried, he sauntered down to within easy hearing distance of the savage on the tree stump, and casually inquired what he wanted.

The Redskin's answer was strange, considering that there were five hundred painted warriors in the woods beyond who had scarcely fired a shot as yet.

"The chiefs of my people wish to meet the chief men of yours in a parley for peace."

"Who of your people wish to come?" asked David.

"Blackfish, Moluntha, and de Quindre."

The first name David recognised, of course. The second he knew to be that of the "king" of a large and powerful section of the Shawnee

Indians, and the third, the Frenchman, he thought was probably the instigator of the whole affair.

David walked back till he was within earshot of the fort.

"Blackfish, Moluntha, and de Quindre want three of our men to meet them in parley," he called.

"For what purpose?" called back Daniel Boone.

"Peace," answered David, and could not keep a smile of disbelief from appearing on his lips.

"Dave's no fool," remarked Boone to the others beside him. "Those Indians would mutiny if their leaders sent them back without a good fight now they've come so far. Still, it's just as well to let them tell us what they want. And every hour we can hold off the siege brings nearer the possibility of reinforcements coming. What do you say?"

Boone turned to Colonel Callaway and Joshua Halifax, who nodded their agreement.

"All right!" shouted Boone, and David, having transmitted his answer to the Indian, returned to the fort.

CHAPTER 59

The Parley

A FEW moments later some Indians came up the hill to a group of three trees that stood half-way up to the fort. Here they cleared away the snow, and built a fire. This was evidently the place chosen for the parley.

The white men in the fort inspected it critically.

"It's pretty near the woods," said Callaway.

"About a hundred yards out of rifle shot," replied Boone. "It will do. It's out of range from here, too, but we'll have our men stand ready with the guns. If anything happens, we'll run for it."

"I don't see what you want to expose yourself for," said Simpson discontentedly. "Those red varmints mean some treachery, be sure."

"Probably," answered Daniel Boone. "But I think we will be ready for any trickery they may have planned. On the other hand, they think the fort is much better defended than it is, and we may be able to bluff them into giving up the fight."

To this end the women and children put on their men's garments again. But this time they had strict instructions from their leader that at the first shot they were to take cover immediately.

As soon as arrangements were complete inside the fort, Daniel Boone, Colonel Callaway, and David—as his father's spokesman—stepped through the gates to meet the Indian chiefs. The gates were left open behind them in case they might wish to re-enter them in haste.

At the foot of the slope three men approached in leisurely dignity. The Frenchman, de Quindre, was dressed, as usual, in deerskin and fur, but the two Shawnee chiefs had put on ceremonial garments for the occasion. Their paint, instead of the black-and-white skeleton markings of war, was all white, and they wore the swansdown of peace on their heads instead of the usual tail feathers of the fierce Golden Eagle.

"They look all right," murmured Daniel Boone aside to David. He was an experienced Indian fighter, and he knew the Indians considered any trickery quite honourable once war had been declared.

When they reached the council fire the six men saluted each other gravely, and, spreading panther skins on the ground beneath the sycamore trees, the Indians invited the settlers to sit for the discussion. Then a feast was brought on.

This was the usual thing at a council; but David noted that the eatables were European, not Indian, and therefore must have been brought from the white man's commissariat by de Quindre.

"There is more in this than an Indian attack," thought David to himself.

At the end of the meal the calumet, or peace pipe, was passed, and the Indians' sacred peace drink Cassena. Then the Indians made speeches, emphasising their points by presenting belts of wampum. These belts were of a special design denoting peace. Their edges were black, and the centre strip was white, meaning the clear path of peace. In the centre was woven a diamond, representing the council fire.

"I see before me at the council fire two friends of the Shawnee tribe," said Blackfish, the first speaker, in his deliberate voice. "Daniel Boone has long been loved by the Indian. The Shawnee tribe gave him the name of Sheltowee, Big Turtle. He is our brother."

Blackfish gave one end of his wampum belt to Boone, and held the other end himself, moving his fingers up and down as he made his points.

"David Halifax, the young man whose wisdom and strength are like to a man of many years' growth, we have long desired to be our brother. The elder man, their companion, seems full of the gravity suitable to his age."

"Brothers, we ask you to leave this dangerous place, where you live surrounded by warring tribes; leave the dark and blood-stained plain of Boonesborough, and let us transport you to our Shawnee village, where we will adopt you into our tribe, together with your wives and children."

David looked up astonished at this strange proposal. It was made in good faith, however. The Indians, throughout the whole of Daniel Boone's life, held him in the greatest admiration. They captured him many times, and would never kill him, hoping against hope that he might be persuaded to become one of them. He had all the qualities the Indian admired—strength, capacity, and self-control. They found the same qualities to admire in David.

Daniel Boone, however, showed no surprise. He nodded gravely as the chief finished his speech.

"My brother Blackfish does us honour," he said. "There will be rejoicing in Boonesborough when we tell them that, although the Shawnees have declared war on the English, they ask the settlers of Boonesborough to be their brothers. But our wives and children are

delicate. The winter is severe. Wait till spring, when our horses are fat and strong to carry them to your village."

"Blackfish has thought of these things." The chief gave a peculiar short call, and thirty pack-horses were led in single file across the lower slope.

This was additional proof that Blackfish's words were true. The Indians do not take pack-horses on a war journey. The Shawnees, then, were so eager to get Daniel Boone and David to join them that they were willing to take all their friends as well, in the hope of keeping them contented.

"Why did you attack us last night?" asked Colonel Callaway suddenly.

"Our warriors did not intend to fire a shot," returned Blackfish unperturbed. "They were to surprise you in bed, take you prisoners, and carry you to our village."

"All this," thought David, "does not explain the fact that we have here five hundred warriors in full war paint."

He said nothing, however, and pretended to agree when Daniel Boone gave his decision.

"We thank our brother Blackfish for his offer," he said, "but we cannot accept without consulting the others."

CHAPTER 60

The Siege

THE three white men rose to show that the council was at an end.

Moluntha, the other Shawnee chief, had said nothing. De Quindre had also been silent. But now the Frenchman made a quick sign toward the forest behind him. This sign was not missed by the quick eyes of the Englishmen.

"Shake hands with us in agreement," said Blackfish.

The three Englishmen did so, and were surprised to see six tall, strong Shawnee braves appear from the forest and move rapidly up the slope.

"Who are these men?" asked Boone quickly.

"They are the lesser chiefs of the tribe who must shake hands also to agree to the delay. Otherwise their warriors may become impatient."

Blackfish spoke smoothly, but Boone's quick glance of warning was not needed to tell the other Englishmen that these newcomers meant not to shake hands but to capture them by force.

With a bound the three were off towards the fort, whence a crackle of bullets covered their flight. An answering fusillade from the forest showed that the warriors in the underbrush were ready. And now the siege of Boonesborough had begun in earnest.

The cleared space around the fort was filled with the stumps of felled trees. These made excellent cover for such Indians as could crawl to them. In many places, too, the forest came near enough to the garrison for the Indians to shoot from the trees.

All that day they kept up a steady rain of fire.

"Evidently," thought David, as he kept a careful watch through his loophole for any savage that might show himself within rifle range—"evidently the French have supplied them well with arms and ammunition."

Many things had perplexed him since the council. Why had there been no mention of Danny? What, exactly, was the Frenchman's part in it all? Surely he could not be interested in the adoption of the Boonesborough settlers by the Shawnees?

David had little time for such reflections. There came suddenly to his ears a woman's scream, and, turning, he saw a terrible sight.

The fort was on fire, and through the air came a shower of blazing arrows, shot from the Indians' bows.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Five-Minute Story

White Heather

ARCHIE was panting for breath when he reached the top of the red-brick wall, and looked down to see a quantity of scattered glass where his ball had crashed on to two lovely little lily-of-the-valley plants.

A small girl was seated now on the gravel path crying piteously. Down dropped Archie and came stumbling forward.

The little girl held them up for him to see.

"They were for—for Mother's birthday tomorrow, and she's ill!" she said.

Her tears fell fast on the lilies. Archie nearly cried, too. If only he could have bought more! But in these wilds people didn't sell lilies-of-the-valley.

The little girl, whose name was Stella, shook her head when he asked if he could not pay for them.

"Mother loves lilies," she said. "She wanted white heather most, but I couldn't find any."

Archie drew a deep breath.

"I know where white heather grows away on the moors," said he. "I'll bring you a big bunch this evening. Will that do?"

And Stella's face was like a rainbow—all smiles after rain.

He set off at once, but it was a long way over the moors to Cranton Pool, and before he could reach the place the white mists were creeping over the moors.

Archie's legs ached; the mists were so wet and horrid, and seemed to cling to him and hug him round. Once he nearly fell over some rocks. He hurt his knee, but he went limping on. Would he ever find the Pool?

In the end it was the Pool which found him! Over and over down the bank he rolled, splash into the cold water. He really was frightened; his teeth chattered as he scrambled out.

Then suddenly his heart gave a leap. There was the white heather under his hand!

He picked a big bunch of it and started home. It was a long way, much longer than he thought, and his knee was stiff and becoming painful.

As if his troubles would never cease, poor Archie caught his foot in a rock, and fell—!

It was hours later when Dad found him lying helpless and in pain; and in spite of his promise he was not able to carry the precious heather to the Grange. Stella had to come to fetch it. It was a very grateful little Stella—who cried out when she saw Archie ill in bed.

"And I've brought you a present too," she told him gleefully when all the thanks had been said. "May he come in on to your bed?"

Archie sat up, looking very surprised. But Stella had opened the door, and in bounced a wire-haired terrier with one black ear.

"You duck," cried Archie, hugging her. And though Stella laughed, and said she didn't quack, she ran home as happy as could be with her heather.

So it was true that white heather brought luck that time.

Buy your little
Brother or Sister

CHICKS' OWN

This jolly paper is specially written and printed for VERY little children. Only easy words which *any* child can understand are used, and they are divided into syllables to make reading easy. With CHICKS' OWN children learn to read while enjoying to the full its bright Coloured Pictures, splendid stories, and funny jokes. Buy a copy TODAY. It is on sale every Tuesday

Price 2d.

Summer Days for Me When Every Leaf is On Its Tree

DI MERRYMAN

"YOURS is a very expensive school, my son," said Father, with a long face and a short purse.

"Yes, I suppose it is," replied the young hopeful. "But to save you money, Dad, I don't learn more than I can help."

A Puzzle in Rhyme

With pen in hand it may be said,
My first you'll surely need;
Then add to this a horse's head,
And what will urge his speed.
Nine letters thus complete my theme,
Which soon you'll bring to view;
And, though it very strange may seem,
I but consist of two!

Solution next week

WHAT is the least valuable thing a man can have in his pocket?
A hole.

Age and Youth

Two gentlemen were dining at a restaurant.

The lamb that they had ordered was particularly tough. Jones called the waiter.

"What is this meat you have given us?"

"Lamb, sir."

"You are quite sure it's lamb, and not mutton?"

"Oh, certainly, sir."

"H'm! Oh, yes, a case of second childhood, probably."

An Endless Task



THE youth who tried to lift himself

By hauling at his boots,
Was not so clever as he thought;
This nobody disputes.

Is Your Name Fairbairn?

FAIRBAIRN means exactly what it says, fair bairn, and is a descriptive name given to some fair child long ago, which was used as a description or nickname after it grew up, and eventually became a surname that passed to his descendants.

Brown Enough

"HULLO! Haven't you been for your holiday yet?"

"Yes. Just come back. Had a topping time in Wales."

"Um! You don't look like it. Wherever you went you didn't get much brown."

"No, and didn't want to. I get quite enough of him in town!"

WHY is a fishmonger never generous?

Because his business makes him sell fish.

A Useless Comb



THE Pig Who Goes to Market Said to Snorum, "Just look here—

If you do not comb my bristles Most untidy I'll appear." So Snorum fetched the garden rake And combed him with a will; But though he worked for half a day Those bristles bristled still!

WHAT can we fill a barrel with to make it lighter? Holes.

The Problem Solved

TEACHER (taking arithmetic class): "Now, children, if eggs were six a shilling how many would you get for twopence? You, there, Willy Hopkins. If you had only twopence how many eggs would you get?"

Willy: "None, miss."
Teacher: "None, silly child? Think again. What do you mean? Why would you get none?"

Willy: "Why, miss, because I'd sooner get marbles."

WHY are tall people the laziest? Because they are always longer in bed than others.

What am I?

So high is my post, so exalted my station,
That I'm sure to be found with the head of the nation.

I'm sometimes as lovely as lovely can be,
And there's never a sigh but is uttered through me;
But I'm sometimes so ugly, and void of all charm,
Though I do try my best, not a heart can I warm.

By men I am treated quite harsh, I declare,
But the women protect me with infinite care.
With watches and clocks, too, I'm sure to be found,
Or useless 'twould be for the hands to go round.

Answer next week

WHAT is the most dangerous time to visit the country?

When the bull rushes out, the cow slips about, and the little sprigs are shooting everywhere.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Riddle-me-ree Liverpool

Who Was He?

The Farmer's Son was Oliver Cromwell

Jacko Has a Free Ride

THERE was always plenty of shipping to watch at Monkeyville-on-Sea, but Jacko and Adolphus never went down to the harbour.

Jacko always wanted to stay on the beach, and Adolphus thought the harbour a nasty, dirty place.

"The pier's good enough for me," he said, looking down approvingly at his white flannel trousers.

But one morning, when they were all sitting on the beach, a big ship sailed past, and Mr. Jacko popped his head up over his paper to have a look at it.

"What's that mark for?" he said, prodding Jacko and pointing to the Plimsoll line on the ship.

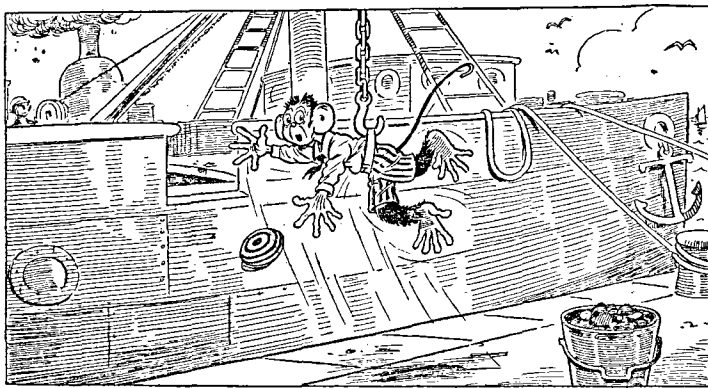
Jacko hadn't the slightest idea. He said he supposed it was to distinguish one end of the ship from the other!

Mr. Jacko was horrified. He said Jacko was grossly ignorant, and he was thoroughly ashamed of him.

When he had calmed down a bit, Mrs. Jacko suggested that he should take Jacko to the harbour and teach him a thing or two himself.

"An excellent idea!" exclaimed Mr. Jacko; "I'll take him this very afternoon."

He did, too. All the afternoon they toiled round the harbour,



The next moment he was being whizzed through the air

stopping every few minutes for Mr. Jacko to explain something, while Jacko grew crosser and crosser.

"Thought I came here for a holiday," he muttered.

"A holiday, indeed!" exclaimed his father. "I don't think you've much need of one to judge from the amount of work you do at school!"

Then he began explaining all about the harbour lights, but Jacko managed to slip off while he wasn't looking; he had noticed a ship loading up with coal and wanted to watch the crane. But he soon wished he had stayed with his father, for the arm of the crane shot round unexpectedly, and the hook caught in Jacko's belt. The next minute he was being whizzed through the air! And he landed with a bump on top of a heap of coal in the hold of the ship!

There was a regular hullabaloo when the men saw what had happened. They fished him out of the ship, and told him not to poke his nose into things that didn't concern him.

And when they had finished with him, there was Mr. Jacko to be reckoned with.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Dog's Friend

A correspondent sends us this good experience of consideration for animals.

When a part of "Kitchener's Army" was in training, a big black dog attached itself to one of the battalions. He was very friendly, and I felt almost as if he were my dog.

One day I was talking to a neighbour, when Jack came towards us. He bounded up to my neighbour and showed the greatest delight in seeing him.

"Jack knows you!" I said.

"Yes," said he, "we've been friends for years. He was tied up day and night in a kennel, and had the loneliest of lives. So my wife and I went out there every day, fed him, and gave him a bit of company."

That kind man was one of the witnesses before the committee which reported on the treatment of performing animals.

L'ami d'un chien

Un correspondant nous cite ce beau trait de bienveillance envers les animaux.

Tandis qu'une partie de "l'Armée de Kitchener" procédait à son entraînement, un gros chien noir s'attachait à un des bataillons. Il était très familier et il me semblait presque qu'il m'appartenait.

Un jour que je causais avec un voisin, Jack s'approcha de nous. Il bondit sur mon voisin et témoigna la plus grande joie de le voir.

"Jack vous connaît," lui dis-je. "Oui," répondit-il. "Nous sommes de vieux amis. Il était attaché nuit et jour à sa niche et vivait dans la solitude la plus complète. Aussi, ma femme et moi allions le voir tous les jours, nous lui donnions à manger et nous lui tenions un peu compagnie."

Ce brave homme fut un des témoins appelés à paraître devant La Commission chargée d'une enquête sur le traitement des animaux dressés.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Dutch Doll

FREDA had hurt her back, and the doctor said that she must rest for a whole month. For a fortnight she was as good as gold, and then she got tired of lying still, and grew cross and irritable.

Now she was in dreadful trouble, for her favourite doll, Greta, a real Dutch doll that her Daddy had brought from Holland, had been broken.

Her little brother Bobby had been making Greta climb up and sit on the mantelpiece, and then suddenly Greta had lurched forward and come down a terrible bang on to the hearth! Her arms and one leg were broken, and her face was smashed to bits.

Of course, it was an accident, and not the fault of poor Bobby, who was trying to amuse Freda; but she was very angry with him, and said he was a wicked little boy. She would not be soothed by Mummy, either, who brought her other dollies to play with, and even an old rag doll of her very own, which was a great treat. But Freda would have nothing to do with any of them.

"I hate ord'nary dolls!" she said tearfully. "I want a Dutch dolly like my Greta."

Mummy was very sorry to see her little girl unhappy, and promised that Daddy would try to get her another. "But I want one today," said poor cross little Freda.

She pouted for quite a long time, till a ray of sunshine fell on her lap and jiggled up and down as though it were dancing. This made Freda smile as she tried to catch it with her fingers; so she cheered up and decided she wouldn't be cross any more.

And then the door opened. On the threshold stood a little girl in a blue dress with short



There stood a little girl

sleeves and a red and white striped apron. She wore a pair of real wooden shoes; over her short hair was a dear little Dutch bonnet, and she had some knitting in her hand.

Freda gasped with excitement.

"Here's a real Dutch dolly come to play with you," said Mummy from behind. And it was nearly a minute before Freda saw with delight that it was her little friend Ellen from next-door!

Monograms of the Zoo Animals



These two monograms are composed of the letters in the names of two animals at the Zoo. Can you find out what they are?

Solution next week

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

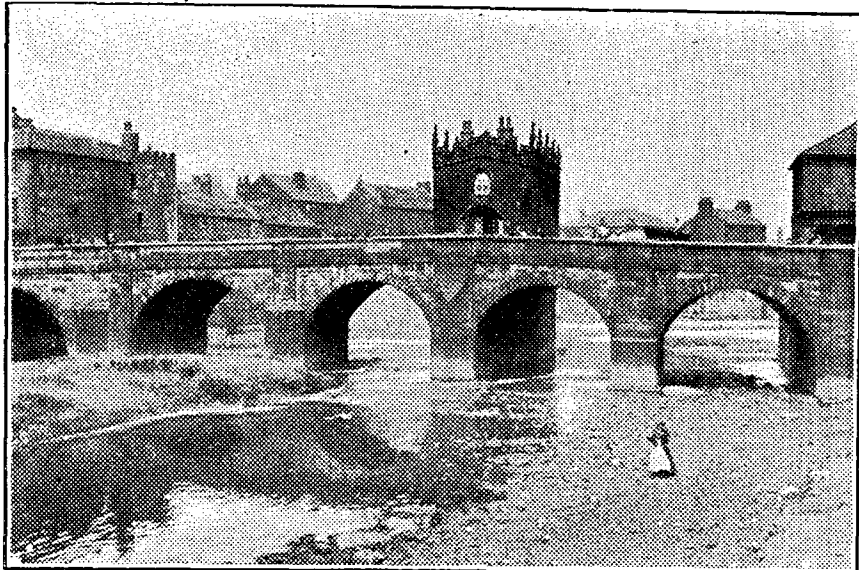
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August 16, 1924.

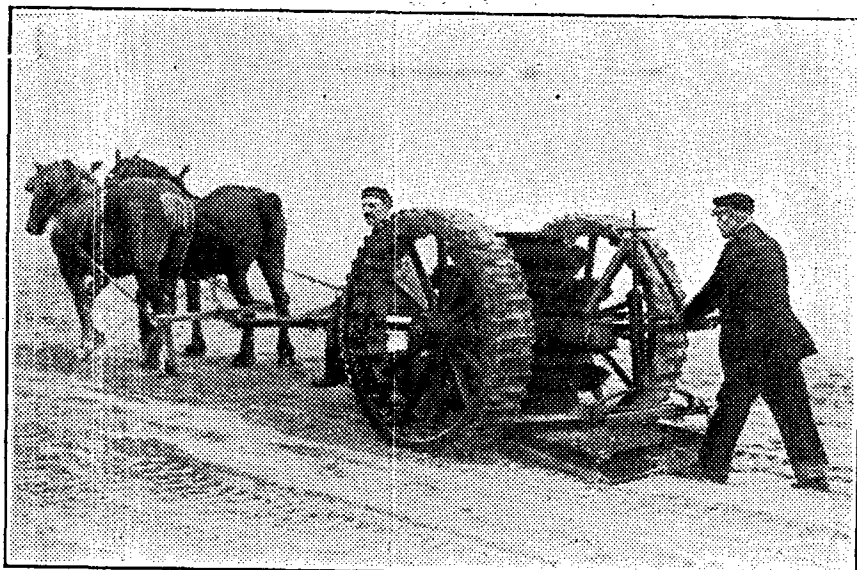
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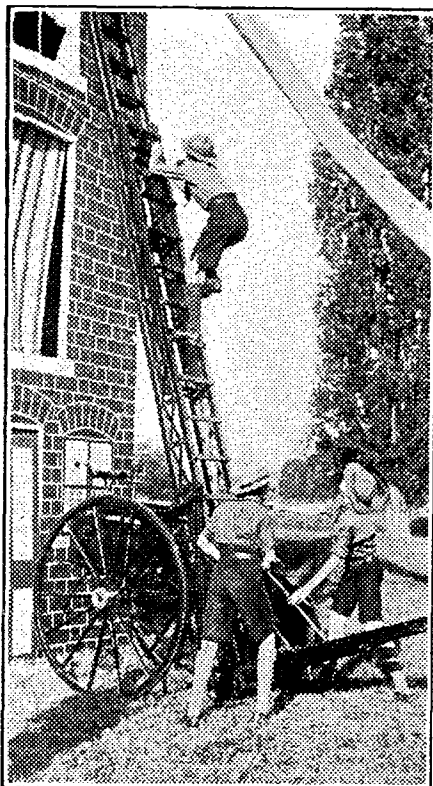
CHAPEL ON A BRIDGE · KEEPING THE BEACH TIDY · A COW IN THE THAMES



A Chapel on a Bridge—The ancient building on the bridge at Rotherham which has just been restored as a chapel. For a number of years past it has been used as a shop. See page 9



Keeping the Beach Tidy—This curious apparatus, in appearance something like a tractor, is used on the beach at Deauville in France to pick up paper lying about and to flatten the sand



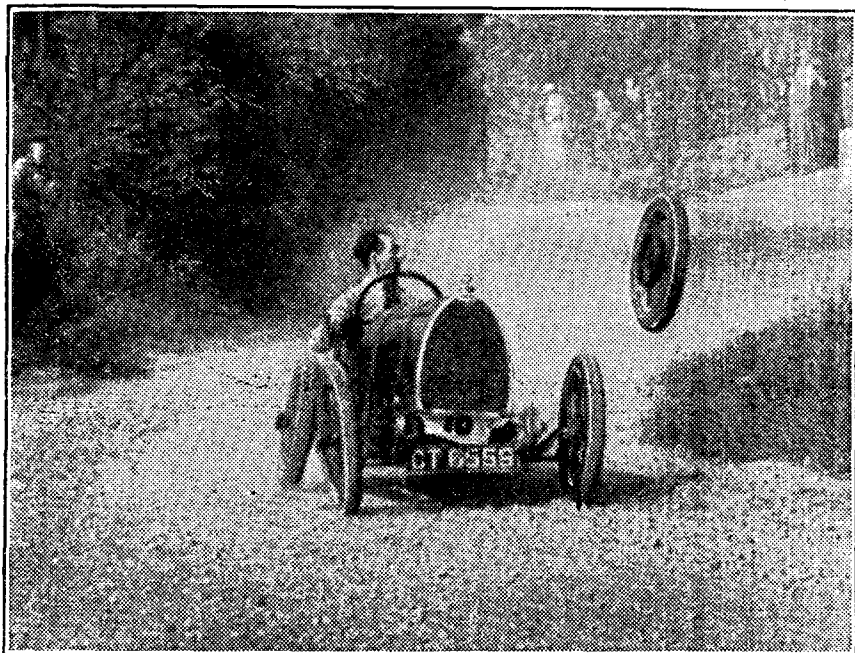
Eton Scouts at Fire Drill—The Boy Scouts of Eton College are trained at fire drill and this picture shows them at work on the fire escape



Boys of the Jamboree—These smiling boys are Scouts from Kenya Colony who came to London to attend the Great Jamboree at Wembley. They brought their pith helmets as they expected to find the English climate as sunny as that of their own country



Climbing the Great Dome—A party of visitors climbing the great dome of the Vatican from the top of which they obtain a magnificent view



The Wheel Goes Off Alone—A remarkable accident at a hill-climbing speed test at Caerphilly in Wales. The back axle broke while the car was travelling at sixty miles an hour and the wheel leapt into the air and went off alone. Fortunately the car managed to keep the road



Helping the Cow out of the Thames—This cow, wandering by the river's edge, fell into the Thames at Chertsey and had to be rescued by means of ropes passed round its body, while a pat or two given by a friend with an oar stirred it to make an effort on its own behalf

THE COURAGE OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER

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